for ADULTS ONLY

SIX DOLLARS

MAKING IT

VOLUME 1

San Francisco • Los Angeles

Making It in San Francisco

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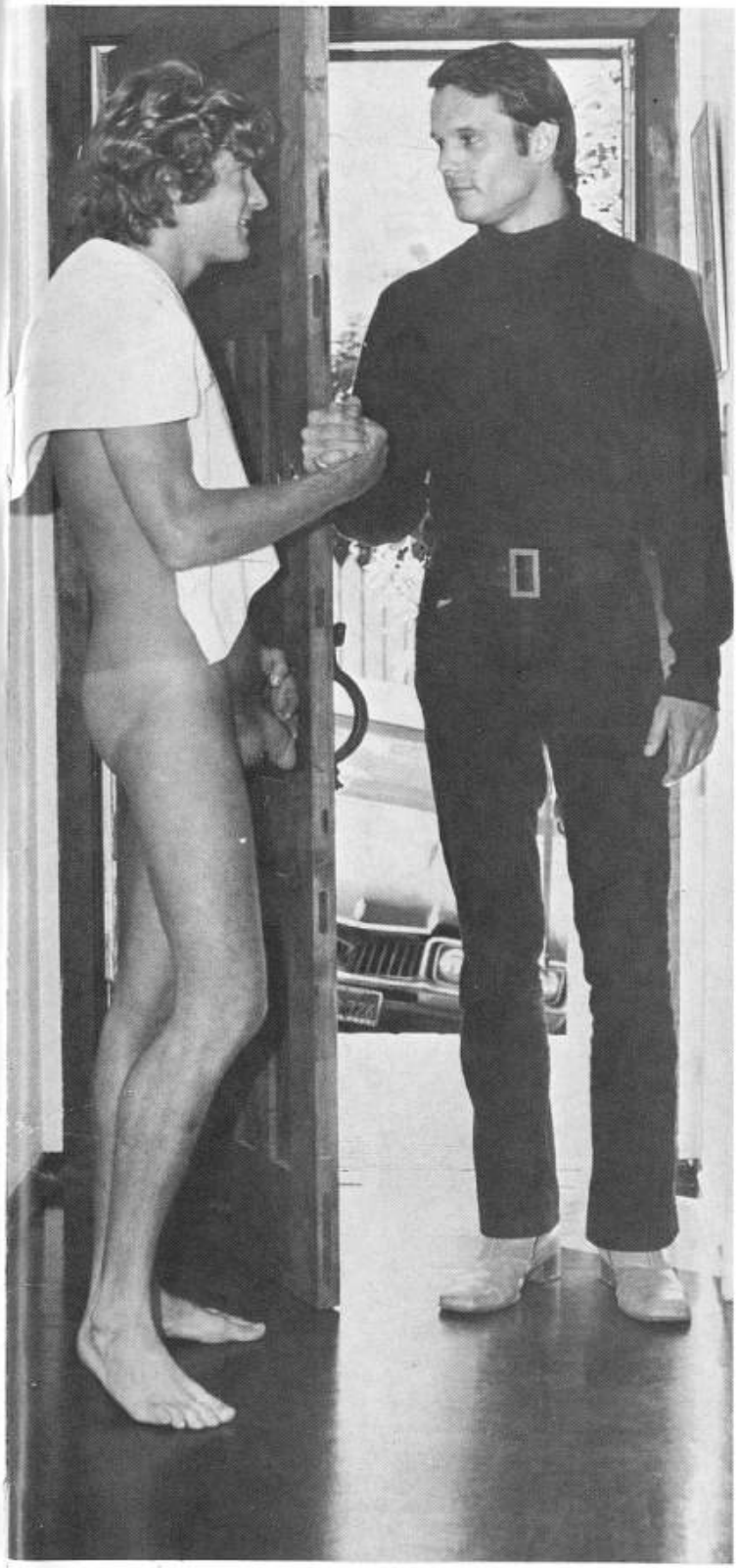


Making It in San Francisco

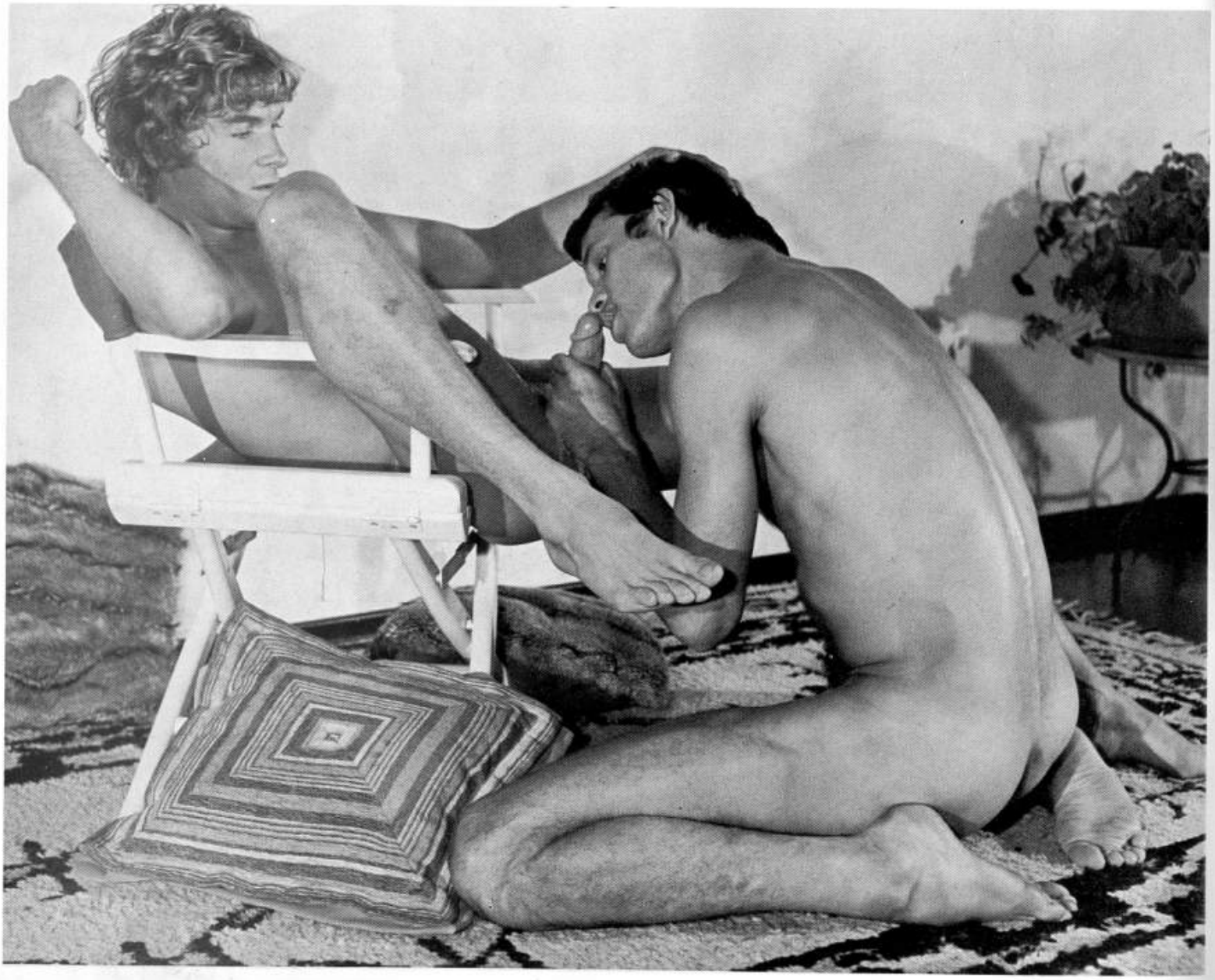
What can you say about a guy like David August? With his lean, fine golden body and the handsome face of an aristocrat, he was sprawled nude amid the simple elegance of his living room, like a superb Botticelli angel carefully placed in the center of an interior decorator's showpiece, waiting for his phone or doorbell to ring — as one of them invariably did.

Fresh from a hot and cold shower, his glowing skin tingling with the latest fine cologne, he shifted around easily on the rug, stretching his muscles, clearing his lungs, twisting his tawny frame, spreading the cheeks of his buttocks to open the hole without touching it, running chilly fingers lightly down his sides, moving his tail easily to the Bangla Desh concert rhythms on the Hi Fi.

What can you say about a guy like David August, expert in tennis, swimming, chess and even monopoly; a guy who will laboriously inscribe and guild a page of minute Arabic calligraphy then give it to some neighborhood child, a guy who can spend three nights running comparing recordings of Franck's *D Minor*, while sipping cherry liquers, then off to a neighborhood country-rock bar to down several double boilermakers, followed by a night ramble across the Golden Gate?

What can you say about a beautiful, groovy guy who designs his own mod outfits, who has the town's finest collection of pre-1910 nude photos, and who awaits a lover's visit by langorously practicing the positions to follow?

Skipping over the visitor he was expecting shortly, he wondered if he would want to do the rounds from Jackson's to the Rendezvous later in the evening, or go down to Folsom Street — or should he phone Bob back and accept the invitation to the Opera? The *Gulio Caesare* shouldn't be missed. But the visits with Tom, always completely satisfying in themselves, left David somehow full of the hunting spirit.



David August hardly needed to go hunting for lovers. A lively and handsome young man-about-town, with a wide range of interests, his phone and doorbell would probably continue to ring at steady intervals if he never went to another Gay bar. But he enjoyed the scene, enjoyed the game, the gentle hunt, and whether he decided on any particular occasion to play huntsman or hunted, the results were almost invariably exciting. He had his pick of steady lovers, and an eye for the loveliest of pickups.

David numbered among his regular friends the famed possessor of the largest, most beautifully sculptured cock in San Francisco, as well as another youth whose dangle was inconspicuous but whose loving and loveliness were unsurpassed. David sometimes fantasized his own version of "pin the tail on the donkey."

Bob Dylan's *Just Like a Woman* on the record, brought to his mind, by some crazy fluke, the image of Tom standing in his doorway that first time three years ago when Tom had delivered a large potted plant. Softly butch, Tom Barr was all man, though hardly the stereotype truck driver. He'd been coming back every other Tuesday since for brief and wonderful visits. David wondered if Anne Barr ever

suspected the gaps in her cramped marriage. They always made love on the soft rug — so Tom could honestly tell his wife he wasn't bedding down with anyone else.

Anne knew Tom's schedule like a catechism, except for that fortnightly gap between a 2 P.M. delivery at Fisherman's Wharf and checking in by 4:30 in nearby North Beach. David saw to it that friends never called him during those hours.

The image of Tom, clothed in the doorway, persisted in David's mind, and David drew the image into his apartment, stripped it down, fondled the neat and amazing ridges in Tom's buttocks, and turned his back to receive Tom into himself. They

always started by taking one another standing. Their lovemaking was gentle, deliberate, almost like a liturgy in a great high church — each knowing how to make the most of touching and being touched — but they never failed to come together and David knew that afterward Tom would go home and, with a wild outburst of sweating and grunting, plow the hell out of his domestic furrow. Perhaps on this night Anne Barr would begin her fifth pregnancy.

After Tom left, David would sleep on the rug awhile, shower slowly, sleep again, then out for a meal in a hidden-away place in Chinatown where he was often the sole Caucasian customer, then the hunt for something new, something improbable, maybe even something risky.

There was rarely much conversation with Tom — a comment on the port or the pot — yet David recalled that over the years (both were 22 now) they had touched on quite a variety of topics without hitting any nasty snags, a little of politics, a little of religion. A couple times they'd even had chess games instead of sex, and fully as exciting. Tom played with surprising skill and aggressiveness.

Only once, on Tom's fifth visit, and after some embarrassed prior discussion, their routine varied. Tom insisted that though he preferred the almost ritual way they regularly moved through their soft, sexual ballet, he would like once to do it quite differently.

They Indian wrestled to determine who would do what next time. David lost, as he felt he was expected to.

Tom arrived next time with a rough rope dangling from his belt. He lunged into the hallway as David opened the door and wrestled David to the cold, tile floor. He tied David's hands and feet to the gas outlet pipe, then menacingly removed his wide, rawhide belt.

With measured motions, Tom lashed David with the belt, not really hard, but hard enough to leave sharp red welts all over David's back for a day or two. Breathing heavily, Tom stopped to open his jeans and let his handsome cock free.

He stood over David, his hard prick poised, digging the toes of his boots into David's ribs. Then, still dressed, he dropped down hard on David's back, driving his bone-hard tool into David's ungreased rear.

It hurt badly. Yet David enjoyed it wildly. He loved Tom fucking him roughly, and loved it more as Tom lay over him panting and trembling in a tight embrace for more than an hour. With no further motion than the trembling, a tightening of the embrace, and Tom's tongue working gently at David's neck and ears, Tom came three times.

David was stiff and sore, but in no way really hurt, when they got up from the cold hallway floor and returned to the living room rug. Tom was sobbing, apologetic, completely passive. David spent the next hour gently exploring Tom's shapely and superbly smooth body with his tongue and fingers.

Tom talked about it for most of the next visit: "I think I got that out of my system. You don't know how wildly exhilarating it was to do that — I'd

dreamed about taking a guy like that from the time I was eight years old. But it's like all the excitement is in going through the threatening motions — not in giving real pain. I don't feel I ever need to do it again."

"If you do," David replied, kissing Tom's half-soft but still beautifully shaped meat, "I'm willing. Getting raped and whipped isn't exactly my bag — but with you, I enjoyed it.

"But one of these days, Tommy, I may reverse the game. You just be sure to bring that belt along every time. One fine afternoon, I'm going to burn hell out of that beautiful tail of yours, and then I'm

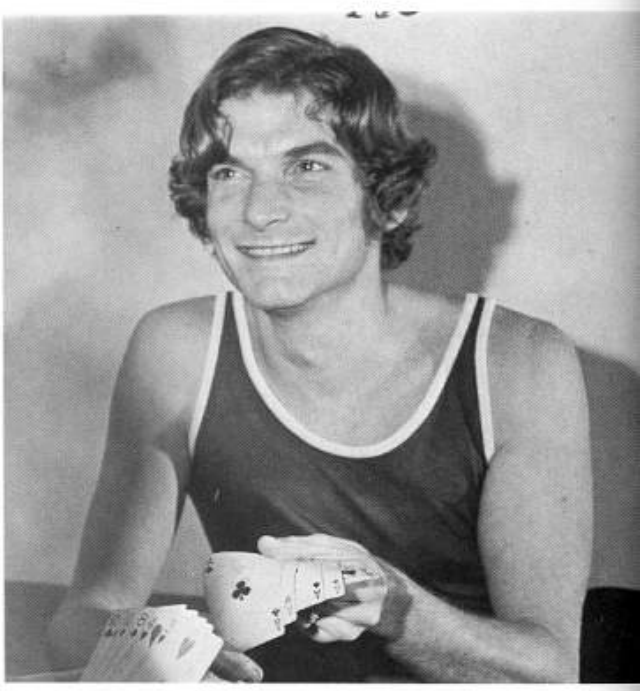
going to ram my plunger up into you as hard as I can do it."

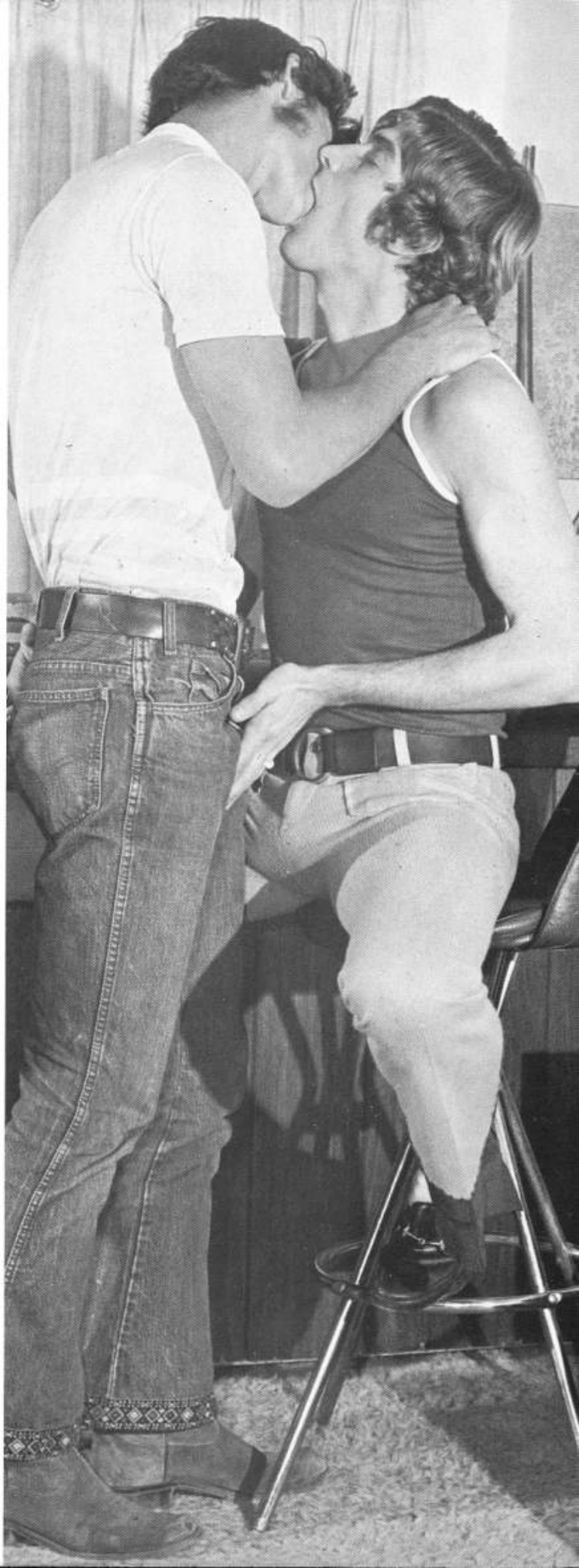
"I'd love it," Tom said.

Though he rehearsed the rape (stimulated by the thought) almost every time he was expecting Tom, Tom's actual presence didn't stir David that way, and David's own gentleness and sense of sex ritual prevailed.

But maybe this afternoon?

David heard the familiar brakes outside his window, and knew how many seconds it would be before the doorbell rang. He was ready at the door when it rang.





Making It in Los Angeles

In Los Angeles, David wasn't overly fond of downtown Hollywood, so he usually headed straight for the Valley or for West Hollywood, often settling in at the Farm, the End or the Bitter End West. This time it was the End, and shortly after he arrived, he looked around and saw Rawi sitting alone a couple tables behind him.

The dark, sad face brightened suddenly as their eyes met, and David's insides all turned over. The transformation, from that loveable hangdog look to one of the most infectious smiles David had ever seen, was enough to give anyone a bad case of love-at-first-sight, and David was definitely smitten.

But for some reason, (David was cursing himself for an hour afterward) David didn't show his response, as he ordinarily would have. He looked back down, and another guy, who intercepted their glance, went quickly over to Rawi and introduced himself. When David looked back up, the two were dancing, and David ate his heart out watching the boy's mad movements. Not a smooth dancer, Rawi danced with a cyclonic energy that belied his soft appearance, and David had the distinct impression that Rawi was fully conscious of being closely watched, was in fact dancing for David.

The boy's jeans weren't all that revealing — they promised rather than displayed the fine body underneath. But the particularly sexy way he tilted his hip or suddenly raised a hand or eyebrow, made him maddeningly appealing.

A spiritual aura seemed to hang over the boy, drawing David to him with a force he'd never before felt.

They danced to a new, haunting drum-roll David had not heard before, intoxicating music with the spirit of primitive religion, and when the long piece was at last over, Rawi, almost impolitely, left his partner and returned to the table, giving David a quick, but non-committal glance.

When David saw the way the boy cut loose from his dancing partner, he determined to step in quickly, but the glance shook him. He felt it was an invitation, but it was clear, or seemed clear, that the boy was not sure of himself, and for one of the first times in his life, David didn't know what to do next. Good looks were pretty common here, but Rawi was exceptional. Several guys had their eyes on him. Several guys tried, and were turned down flat. David felt sure that every time he looked away from Rawi, the boy's eyes were boring into him, but when David looked, the boy sullenly averted his eyes.

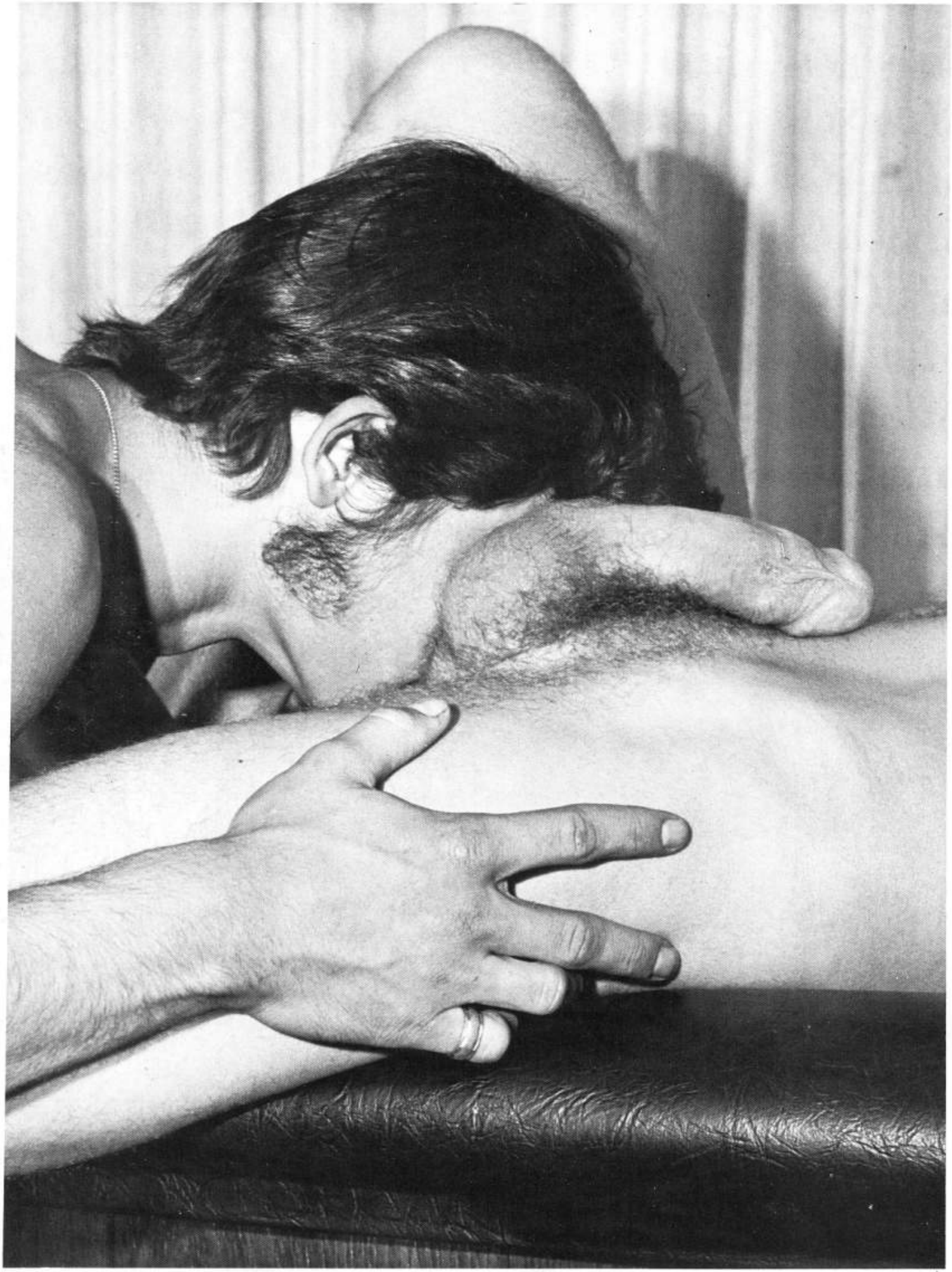
Finally David got up and went to the other's table.

"At the risk of being cut dead, may I. . . ." His voice faltered as the boy looked up again, and the sullen look opened up like a sunburst.

Rawi, not ordinarily that moody, but certainly never as forward as David, had been stood up that night. They introduced themselves, danced, and headed for the Farm where they danced some more, and then up to Rawi's surprisingly elegant apartment near the Bowl.

Peter Rawi — but he liked being called by his last name, was an industrial designer. His apartment was tasteful, leaning to leather, and airy. They sat at the bar of a well-furnished den, enjoying the communion of pot, and playing stud poker to decide who would first do what to whom. David got the distinct impression that Rawi had the magic touch with cards, but Rawi quickly lost, as he probably intended, and David had the time of his life. David was not short of lovers, but none had ever turned him on in the way this boy did.

Rawi's slender, evenly tanned body lived up to the promise of that wide, infectious smile. David wasn't much of a sentimentalist, but he knew this was going to be a lasting romance. The boy's cool intensity, his astonishingly whacky humor and good sense, the catlike ease of his movements, and his



PEACE

sudden wild bursts of energy and spunk had David a bit overwhelmed.

David's style of lovemaking was rarely super passionate or athletic. He preferred the easy grace and steadiness of motion of a big cat to a lot of huffing and puffing, concentrating lovingly on each action and point of contact. In Rawi he found a perfect match.

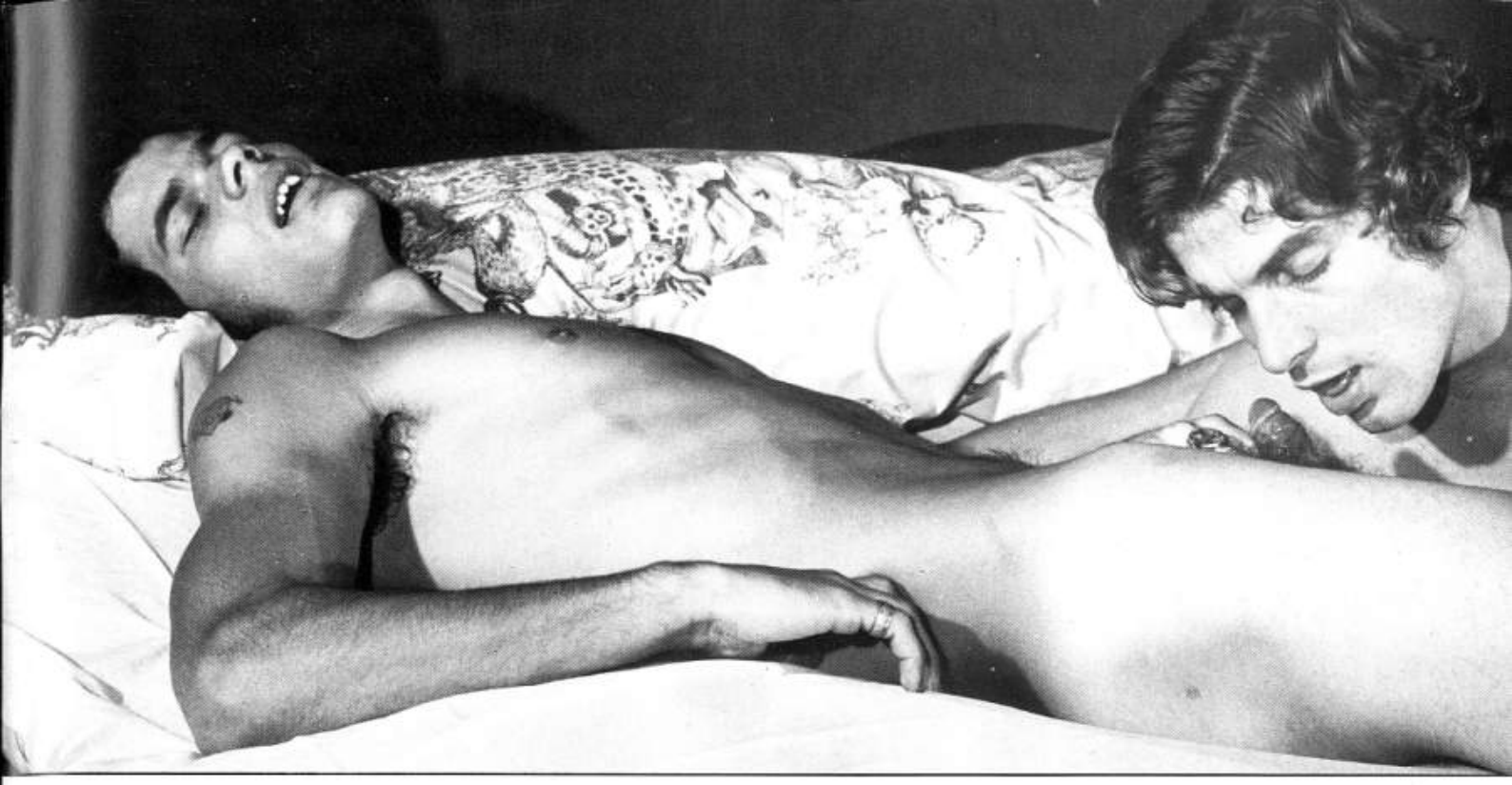
In his more elegant moods, David like to say that youngsters today (those two or three years his juniors) rarely know how to kiss. Rawi did. Their first kiss Rawi had teasingly postponed until after the card game. He then lay his hands casually on David's shoulder, pressing his thighs against David's leg, imparting an electric charge, a soul intimacy, that had David dizzy even before their lips met. The boy put his heart and soul into that kiss, and drew to himself David's heart and soul. It was slow motion, dry as deep kisses go, intensely spiritual-sexual.

Was it an hour later that they began to move, began to explore one another by touch?

David took the lead in the undressing and exploration, doing it slowly, seriously — but ever so often, as when David first put his lips to Rawi's immaculately beautiful nipples, or later when he kissed the boy's perfect buttocks, Rawi suddenly became a whirling dervish, a dancing imp, a kitten bouncing about the room — then settled down again to let David continue his slow exploration.

It occurred to David (he'd experienced it before, never so fully, but had not thought of it) how perfectly united the physical, emotional, playful and spiritual can be in Gay love — whenever we shake loose from the hangups that were taught to so many of us. The *Jesus Christ Superstar* tape, playing in the background since they started, became fully and appropriately part of their total experience — not just background music.

Was David semi-conscious or super-conscious as



he continued his ritual of exploration: fingertips, tongue and a lock of hair brushing lightly over the boy; making love until three in the morning to the silken hairs in Rawi's armpits, on his chest, his sideburns or that mop on top of his head; teasing, tonguing, fondling the boy from toe to top, and being teased and tongued in return?

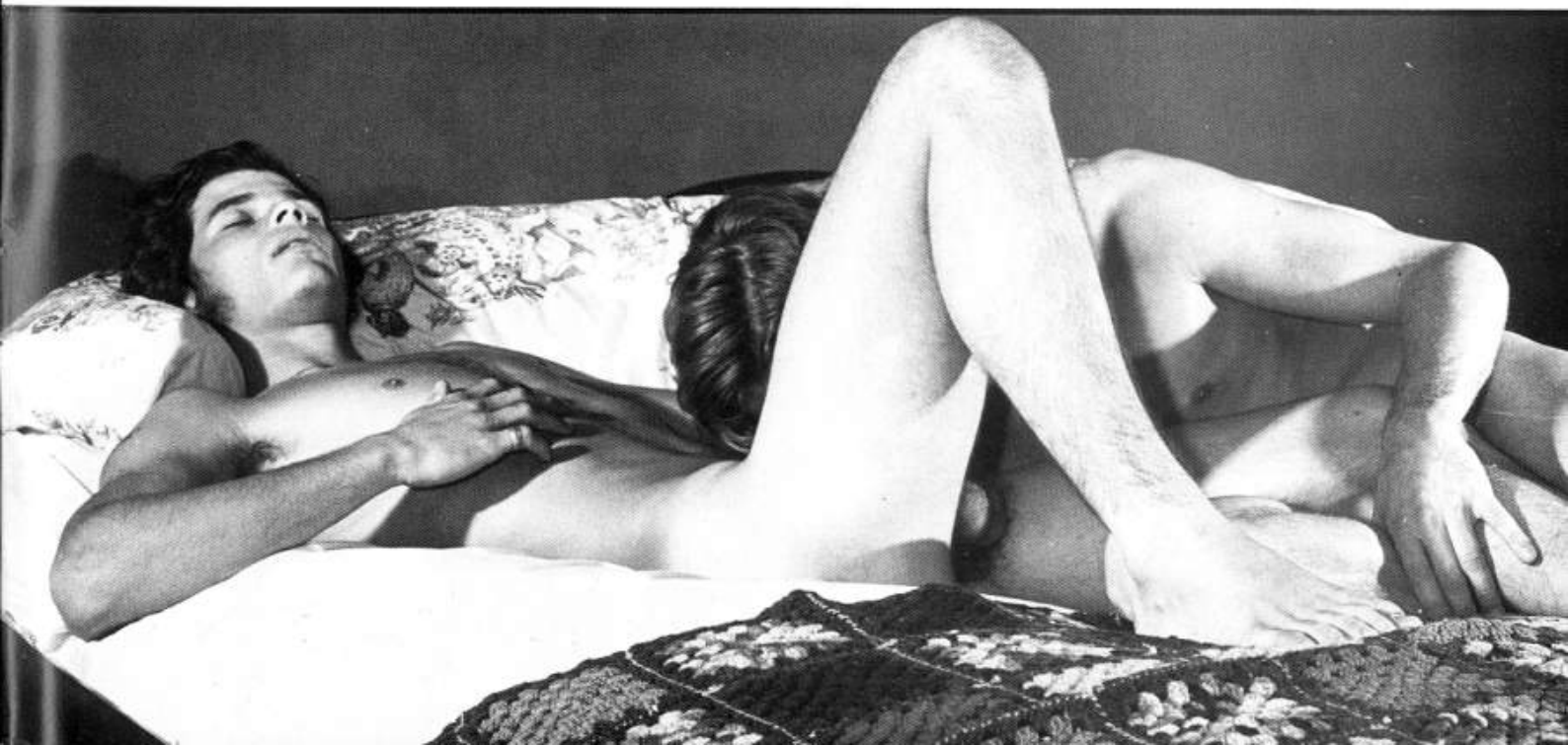
Dreamlike they moved. It was almost daylight when David drew the boy's beautiful dark meat into his mouth. Rawi, wild with delight, spun like a cartwheel at the end of his own stem.

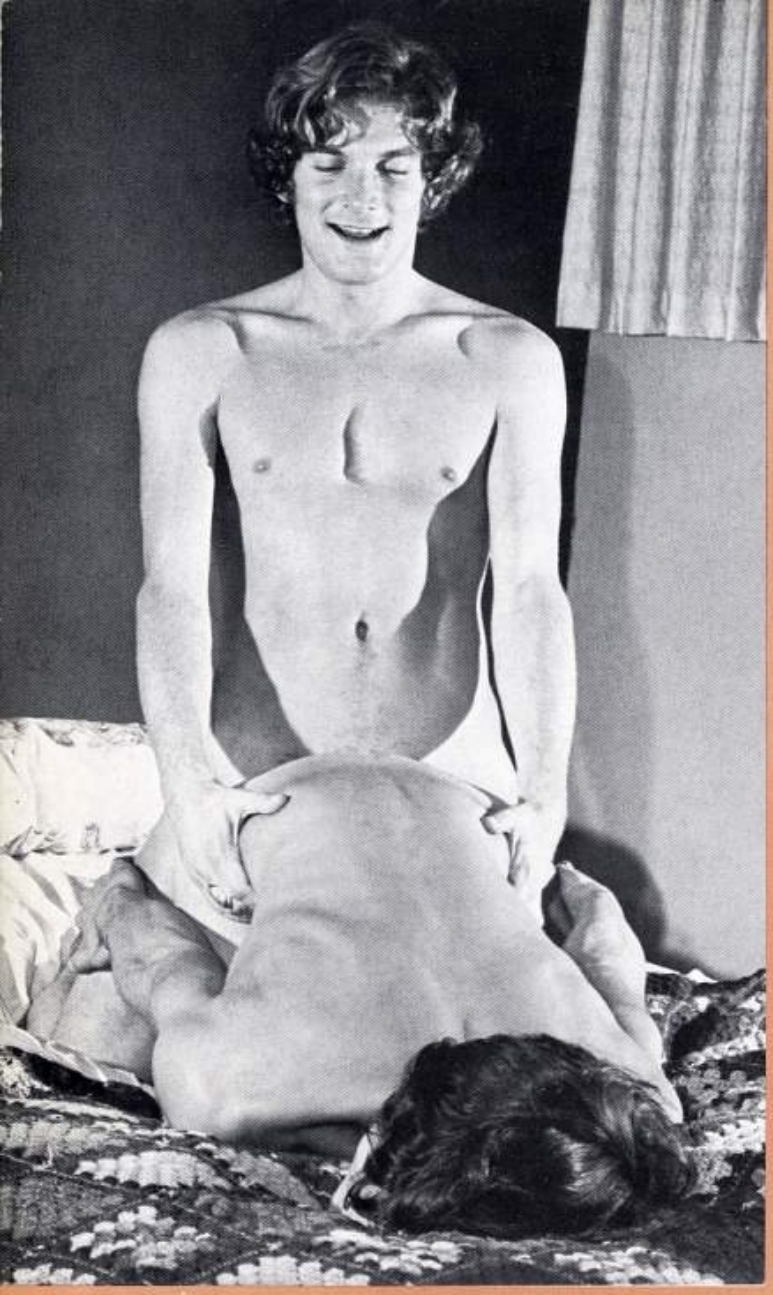
Sunlight was falling on the bed when Rawi became a pinwheel for David's shaft, and David imagined that he'd never really had his cock sucked before. Never like that!

Rawi had (and could activate) more erogenous zones than anyone David had ever known before. To touch his ears was to invite a wrestling match. To touch his small, dark nipples was to transport him to heaven. To touch his anus was to immolate oneself in the bursting of a solar flare.

How to describe their climax? When the boy crouched on the bed, waiting first for David's tongue, then for the fingerfull of KY, he seemed motionless, passive. But David, on touching the boy's hole, felt jolted by a wild and wondrous exhilaration that transformed their flesh to eternal fire.

But Rawi had the tightest, smallest asshole David had ever encountered. David was reluctant to breach him. Even getting the KY in seemed difficult.





"I want it very much," Rawi insisted.

Slowly, gently, David pressed his greased prick, blunt against the soft, tiny aperture. He pushed. Nothing happened. He pushed harder, and the flesh around Rawi's anus formed a cup around the head of David's golden cock. But the hole remained closed.

The illusion that he had already entered the boy hit David like LSD. His head seemed to swim among nebulae turning themselves inside out. The slightest tremor in Rawi's butt sent meteorites coursing through David's soul. Finally, the boy moaned, flexed and strained his sore tail, and David felt his cockhead slide a half inch into the warm hole. He shot immediately.

Rawi was so tight that David felt he was forcing his pained prick through a sharp-edged, half-inch glory hole in a steel door.

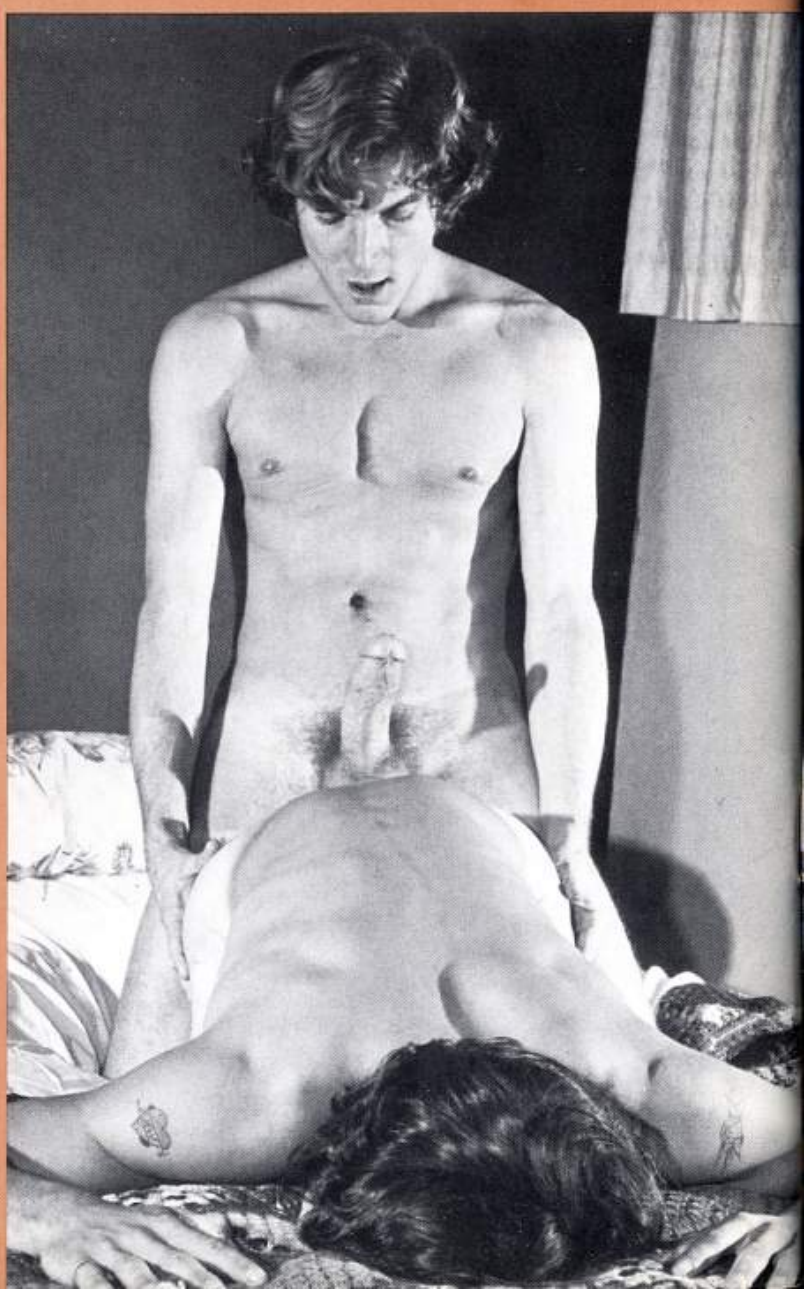
"Push it in," Rawi moaned, rotating his hips slightly.

David pushed, pressing his excited cock slowly through the binding ring. He knew it had to hurt the boy terribly. But Rawi wanted it. And despite the pain, entering him was like entering heaven with a chorus of angels and a congregation of celestial lights.

It took 45 minutes to get halfway in. Then David became a Roman candle, jetting into Rawi's bowels a longer, more forceful steam than ever had come from his kidneys.

In love with David's golden cock, in love with David's golden self, Rawi was urgent next morning as David left: "I hope, lover, that you'll be sure to give me a few hours every time you get down to Hollywood."

"No promise I've ever made," David said, giving Rawi a bear hug, "will be easier to keep."



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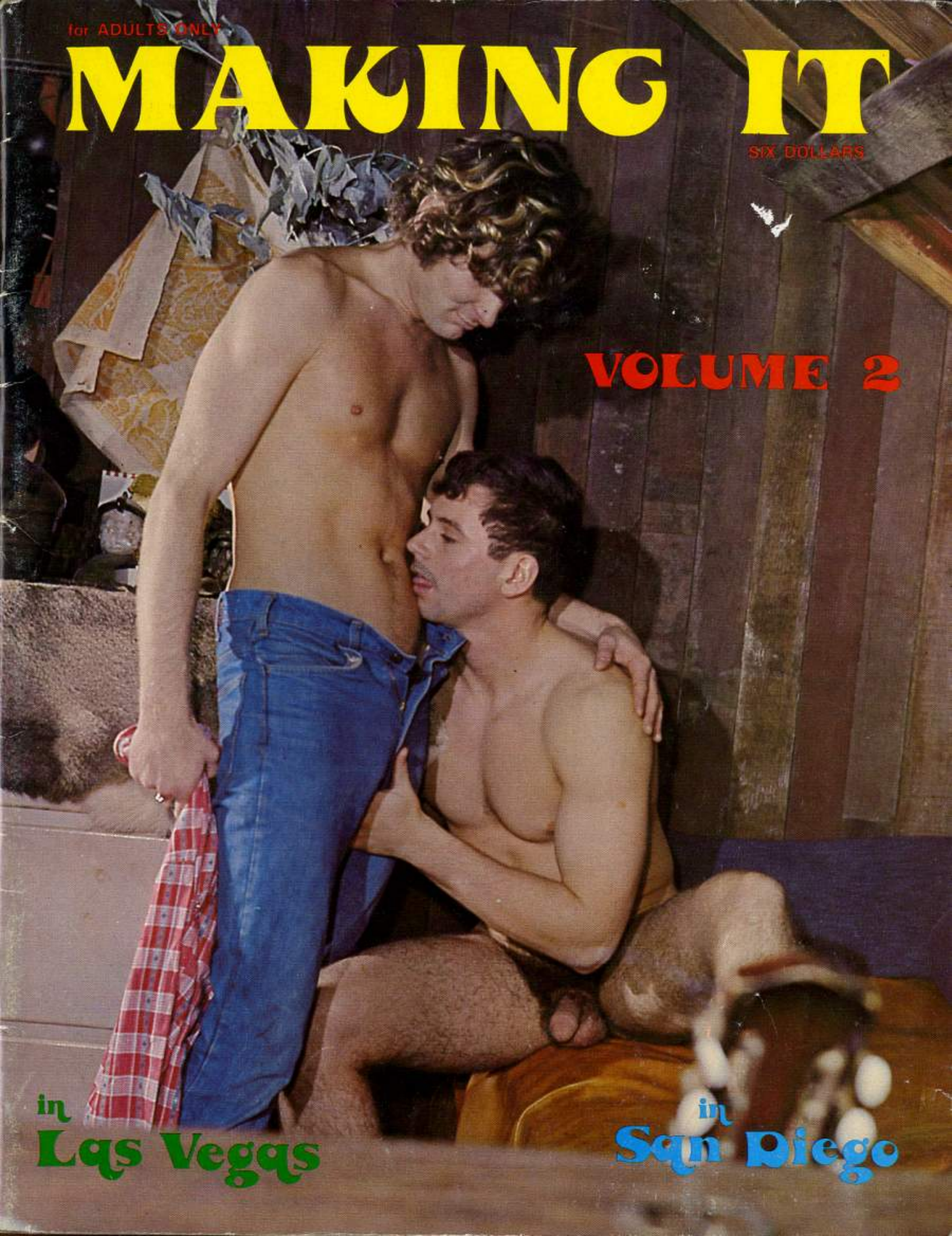

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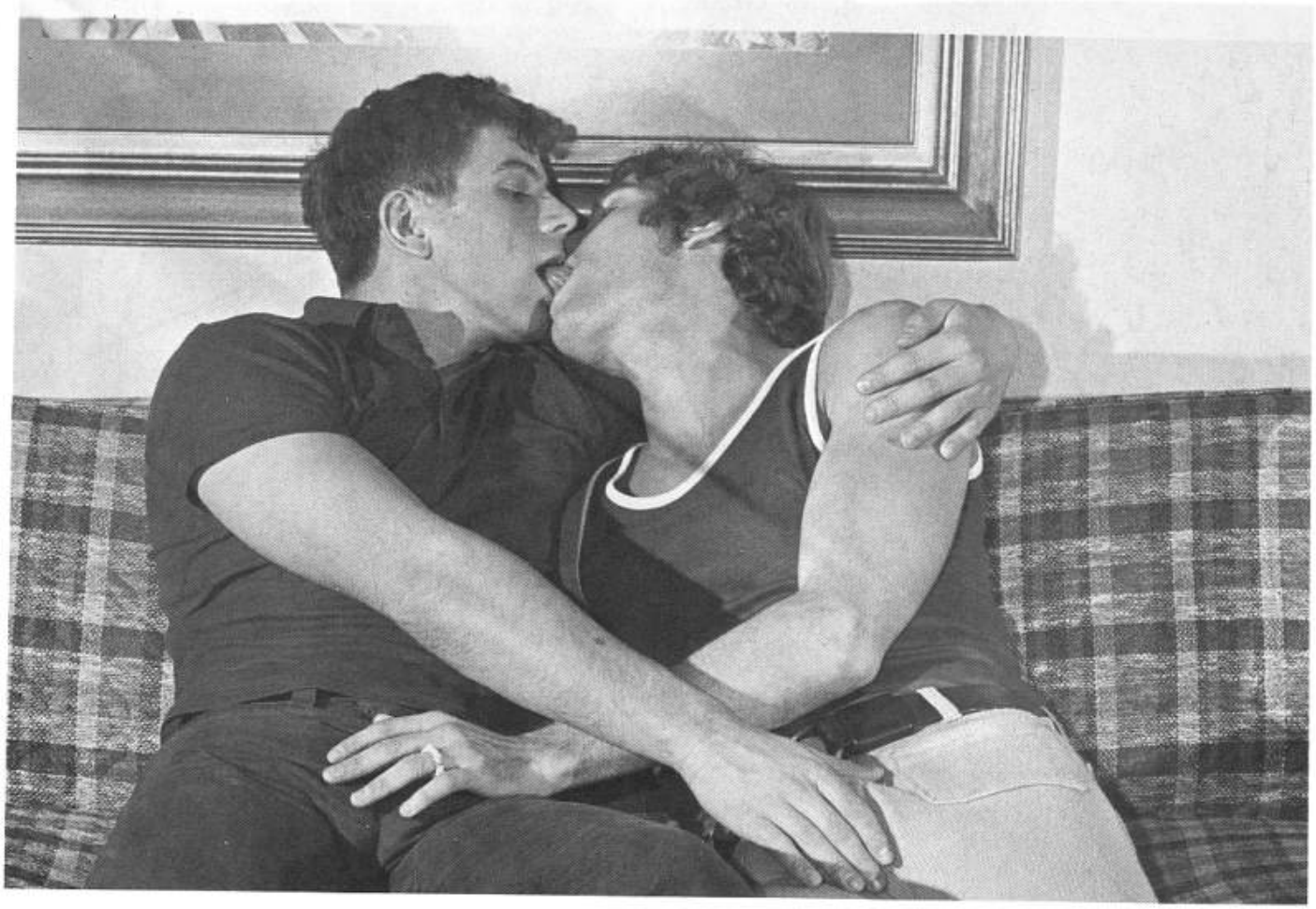

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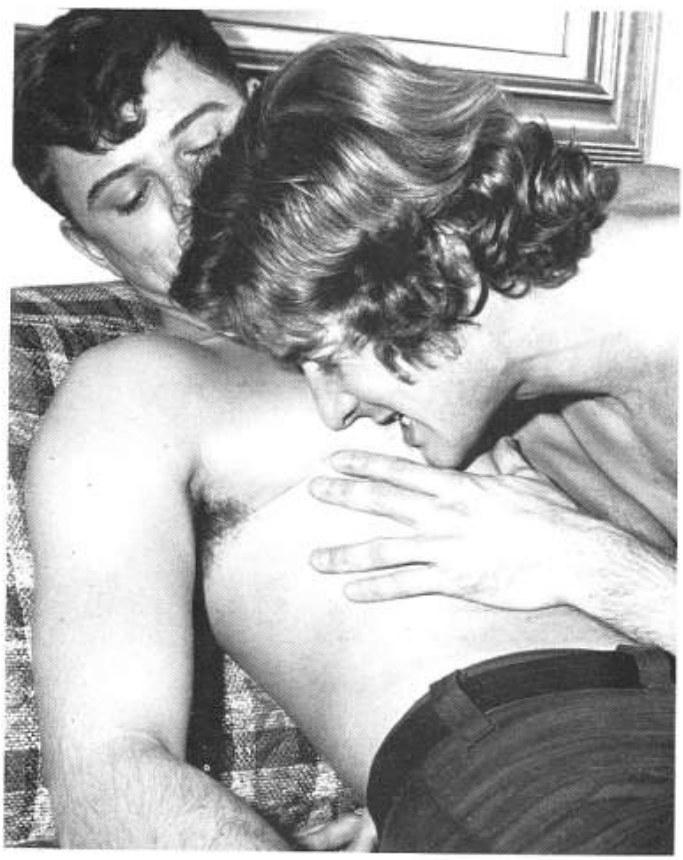
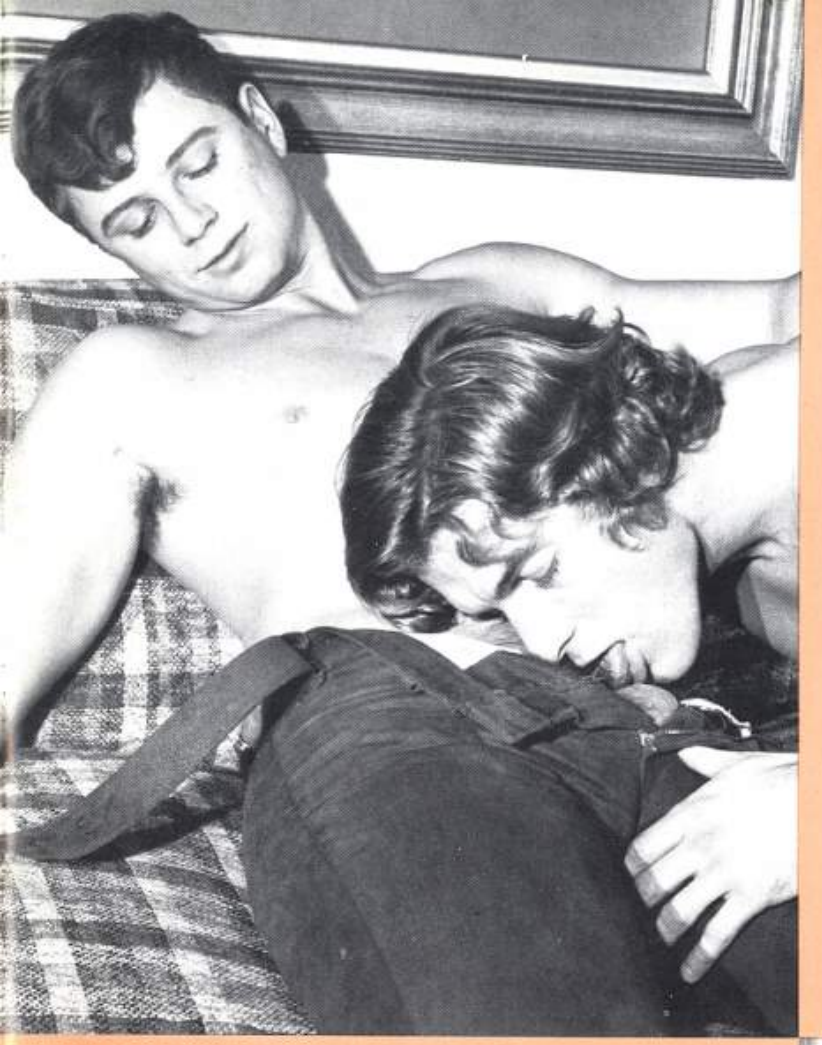




And in a spirit of horseplay which had David more nervous than turned on, the youth had unzipped David's pants and gone down on him while they were crossing the bridge. David was sure that drivers of other cars could see what was going on. One husky truck driver, his eyes popping, kept close watch half way across the bridge. But nervousness notwithstanding, David's shaft rose to the occasion, and as they came down the long ramp through the Presidio, David shoved the young marine's head forcefully down all the way on his cock.

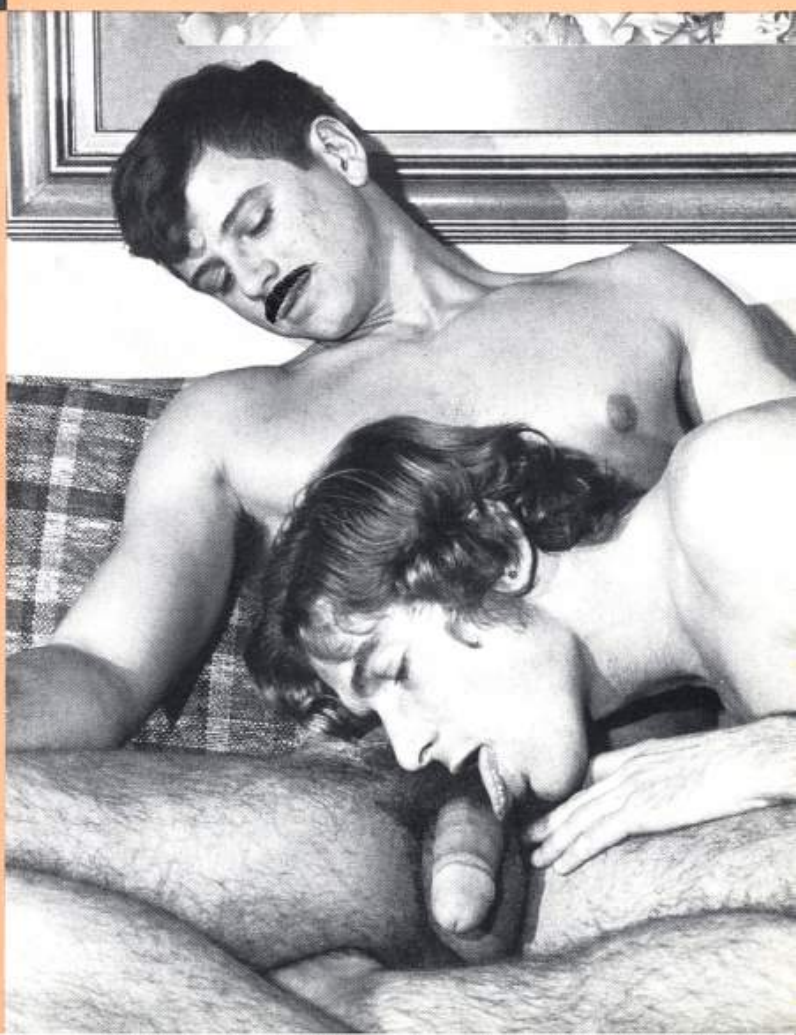
Taken by surprise, Dave nearly gagged. David almost blacked out as he swung his Riviera into the Park — his seed shooting into Dave's throat.

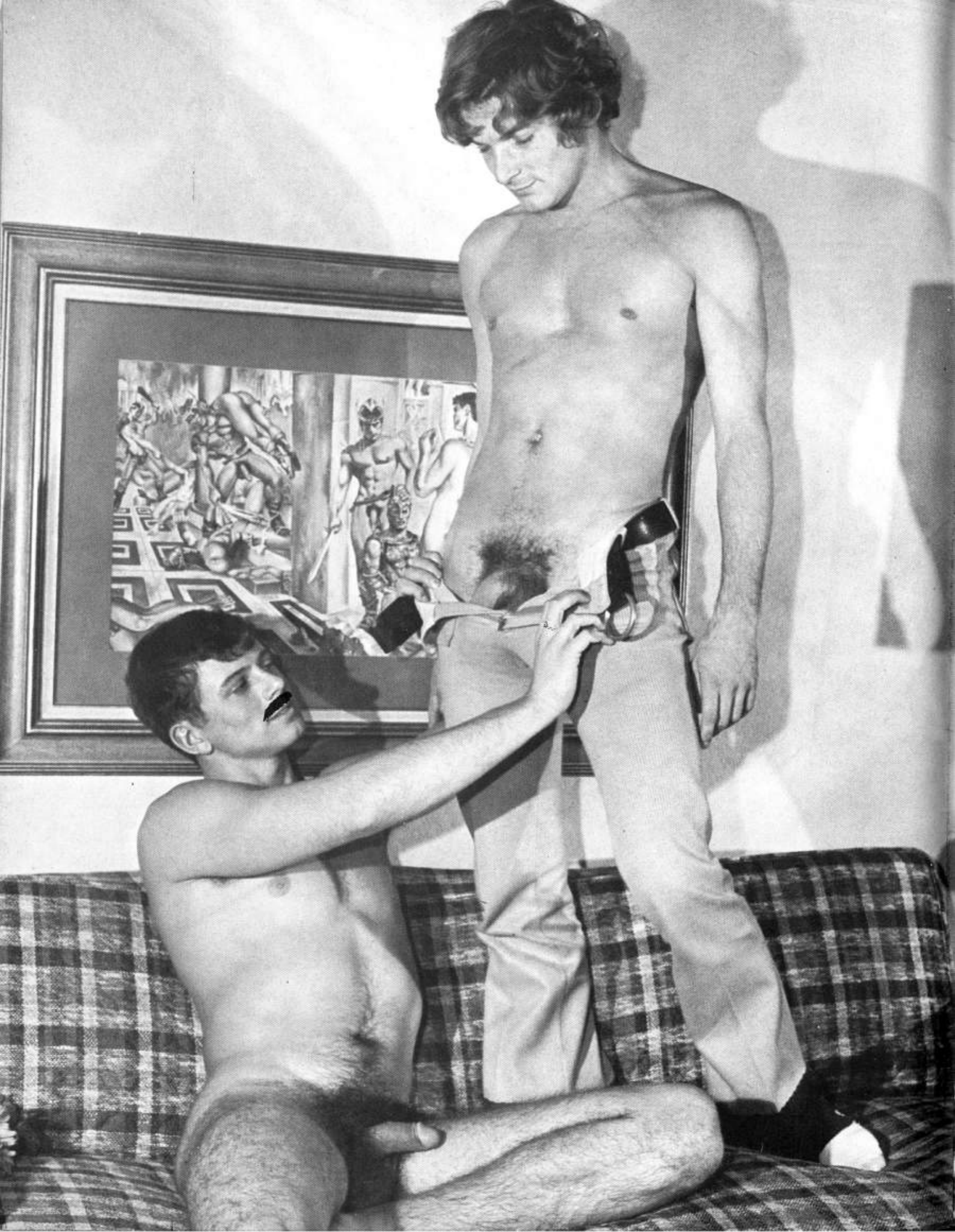
Dave's slow manner of speech and movement hid a quick and colorful humor. Very little missed his sharp eye — kinds of trees in the park, the styles of San Francisco houses, the restored Palace of Fine Arts, or etchings and ceramics in David's apartment.

David August had met the young man — or picked him up — the week before on the highway near Sausalito and drove him to San Francisco Greyhound, with a frustratingly brief stopover at David's Russian Hill apartment. There'd been time only for a brief Sherry and a quicker 69 — and David didn't like rushing either sex or good wine.

But rushed it was — and wonderful — and David determined to see much more of this huskily soft, dreamy faced, apple-pie young Marine, whose name also was David. Young Dave Gregory was fresh from Kansas wheatfields, doing his basic at Pendleton.

He was shy when he got in David's car, but open in the way only an innocent can be. Before they'd driven to the bridge approaches, the boy's firm, moist, soft lips were planted on David's. David wondered with a shudder if the Marines would coarsen that boyish softness and openness.





When David made a bitchy remark, Dave often topped it, then blushed and covered his face boyishly.

In David's great waterbed, Dave had displayed a pelvic thrust like a locomotive piston, and he hugged like a mad Teddy bear. David was not in the habit of falling in love with a part of another person's body, but he felt he would be able to see and feel this young man's bustle-like, hairy buttocks for the rest of his life.

But the personality — that indefinable essence that makes an individual electric: what was it composed of here? Inquisitiveness, sensitivity, masculine softness, openness to new experience, patience, and easy softness, and tremendous energy. Much of the energy was in his hard-driving buttocks, which operated his cock like the tool at the end of a jackhammer. Dave preferred being fucked to fucking, being sucked to sucking, but whenever he was the inserter, he drove his cock in with a relentless pounding. Taking him in the ass was not comfortable, but was exciting beyond belief. As for taking him in the mouth, David learned quickly that it was safer to stay on top where he could keep that hard-driving tool under control.

Dave's manner of sucking, by contrast, was gentle though enthusiastic, getting his full attention. The rest of his body was likely to go rigid while he concentrated on giving the fullest pleasure to that which was in his mouth.

As an airline supervisor, David had transportation advantages, and he knew he would now be making regular trips to San Diego. Already, he managed to spend a little time each month in Vegas and Hollywood, at Maui and Palm Beach, in Vancouver and New York.

So their next meeting was arranged before David reluctantly dropped Dave, USMC, off at Sixth and Mission. The kid had a cousin in Chula Vista and they would meet the following Saturday noon at the cousin's house.

Now, Saturday night, they lay warmly embraced in George Gregory's guest bedroom. It had been obvious as soon as David arrived that cousin George was Gay (he'd thoughtfully left them alone). Young Dave, whether Gay or not, was willing and anxious, and hot as a box of firecrackers.

He seemed to have missed entirely the Puritan brainwashing that convinces so many that to enjoy oneself is evil, and that sex is the worst of evils.

Whether eating, wrestling, joking, horsing around, looking at art or the passing scene (Dave had no aesthetic knowhow, but seemed to have an uncommonly sure eye), or fucking, Dave enjoyed himself without reservation, and worked zealously to make sure his partner enjoyed himself.

David had supposed that everyone from Kansas would be superpuritanical.

"That's nuts!" Dave protested. "Lot's of farm people, maybe most of them, are pretty out in the open about sex. They can see that even dogs and cows and chickens don't always pay any attention what the sex of another animal is; they just climb on.

"Well, I climbed on the son of my father's hired hand when we were about twelve — we'd been playing around a long time before that, and there wasn't much that we didn't experiment with. Later, we both did it to girls too, and also to older guys that came around the farm at harvest time."

They'd started slowly, undressing one another on the sofa under a large, sexy Etienne painting. The kid was warm but passive at first, his cock slow to rise, but they had an entire weekend, and the boy's erection soon nearly rivalled David's own. That hair, rounded butt, seeming almost to reflect one in the picture above them, got David's most intimate attentions.

They bounced about the house in an orgy of sexy horseplay until about 2:30 when some mention of a zoo prompted the boy to say he was crazy about animals, but had never seen a real zoo. So off they went to one of San Diego's chief attractions — and if you've never thought of zoos as romantic, try going to one with a rambunctious and uninhibited lad you've just flipped over!

The entire weekend was more horseplay than sex, not David August's usual style, but satisfying beyond belief. He seemed to be coming every half

hour (barring the intervals at the zoo, and a late night dinner on Coronado) and Dave held up his end quite well, though he was more a clown than a satyr.

It was also a talkative weekend, the boy opening up almost non-stop about his buddies at Pendleton, his farm, family and school back home, his perky if not overly informed notions about social questions, and his wondering whether to be an auto mechanic or a farmer after the Marine Corps, or maybe a photographer's model. A little experience in that line was how he had managed to be found on the road outside Sausalito. . . .

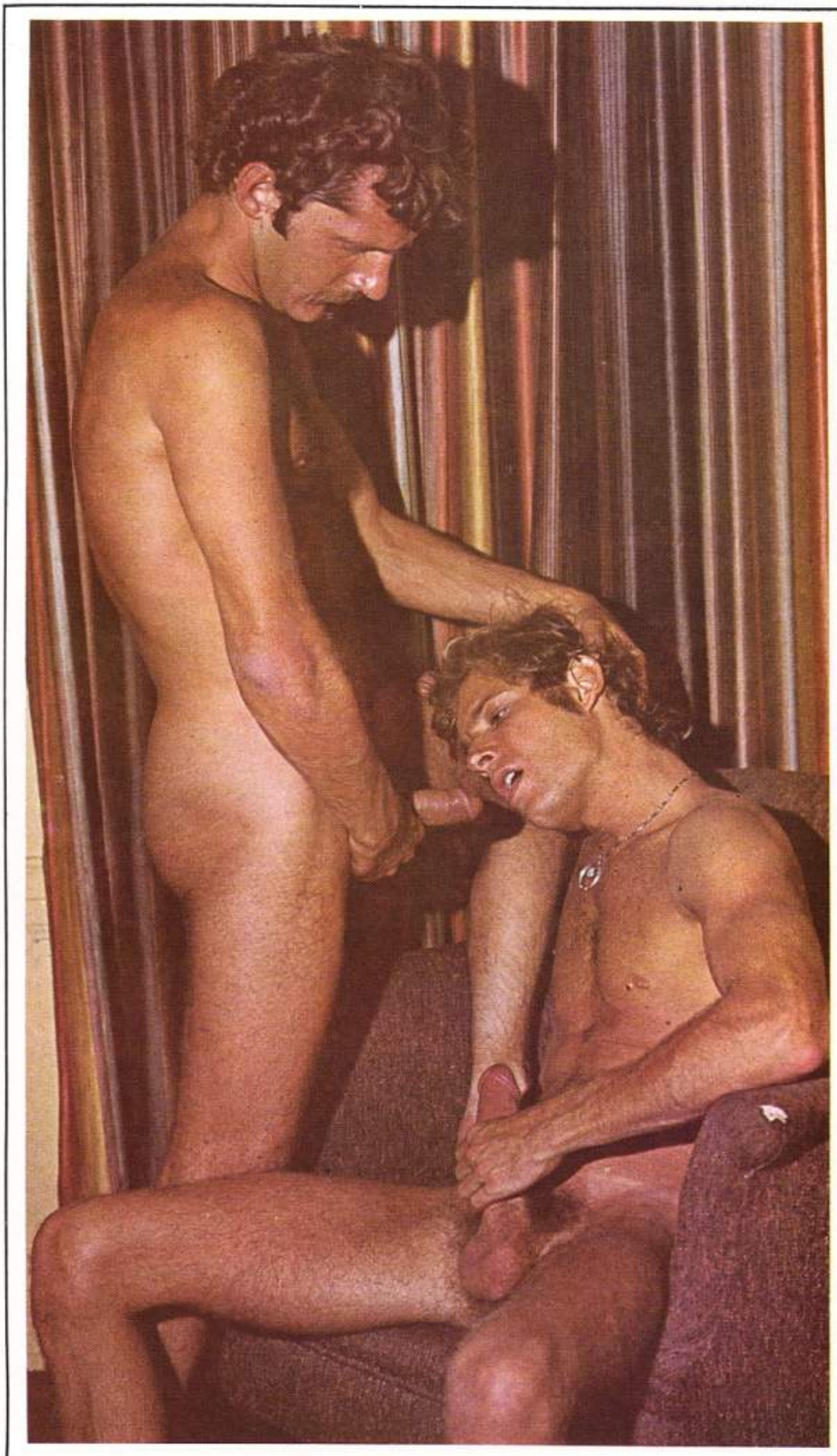
And all sorts of naively honest questions about

Gay life. David never did decide whether the kid was basically Gay or not — but he had a hot and active body, and he liked to use it and have it used. He wasn't exactly inventive in lovemaking techniques (David made up for that deficiency) but he was responsive, no matter what you tried. And he turned lovemaking into plain old boyish wrestling at almost any time, with a delight and energy that often resulted in shooting his wad at the most surprising times.

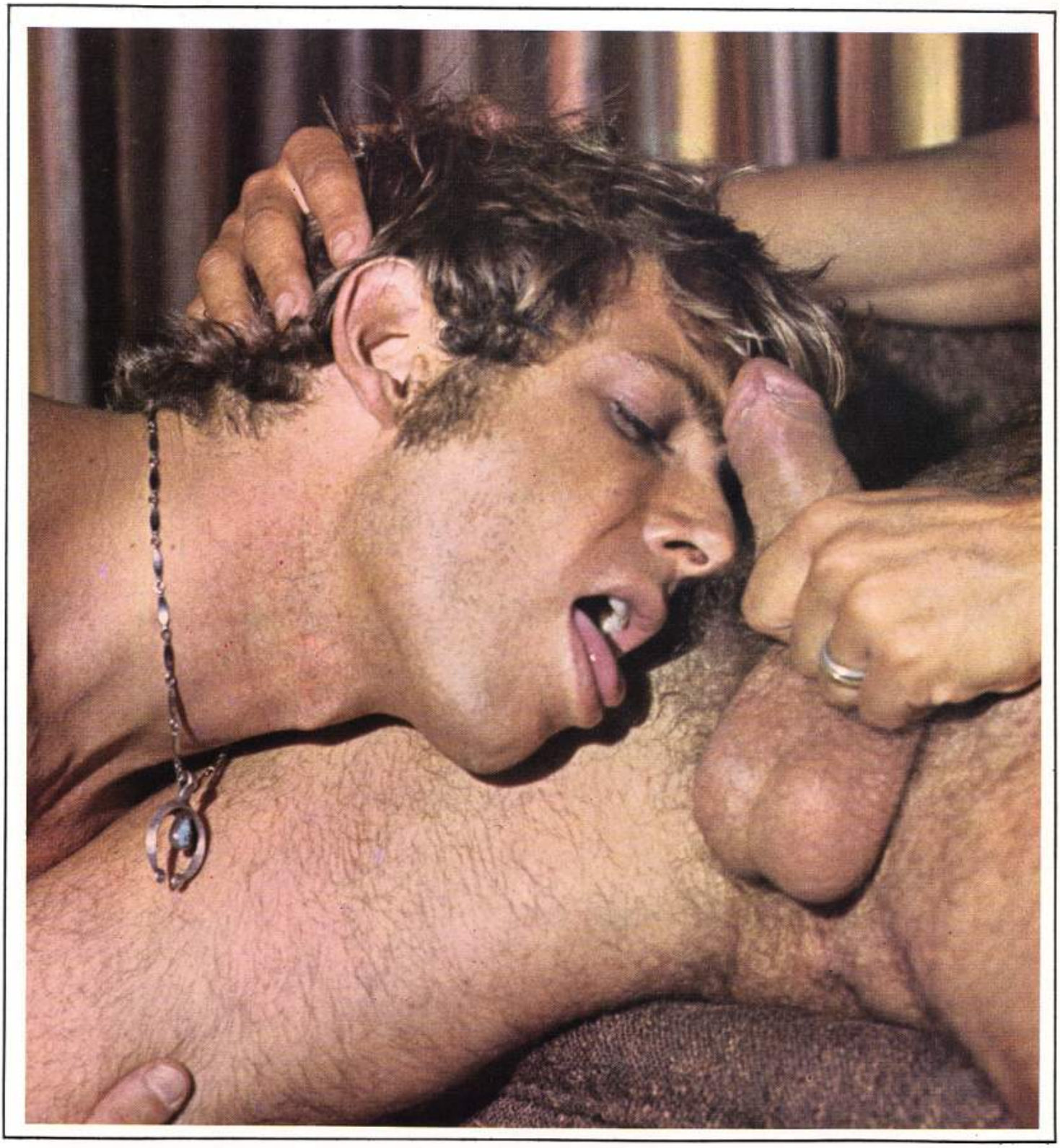
A very unpleasant old queen — had picked Dave up on Market Street and promised to pay him for a photo session. Things went wrong as soon as they

staring at was none other than that of Jack himself caught on glossy paper doing his scandalous strip number from the play he was starring in there in San Francisco. There was a huge display from the play in the window of the store. Jack couldn't help smiling as he mumbled a quick apology. The young man looked up at Jack. At first there was a hard, why-don't-you-look-where-you're-going glare but as soon as he recognized Jack that look turned to one of pure delight. The guy hopped up, bubbling with joy at being almost run over by the handsome actor he'd been admiring in the photograph.

For Jack, there was no mistaking this look. Now, it was he, Jack, who acted quickly. There would be



no better way to help forget Bob than to spend a nice afternoon making love with someone else, especially someone as cute and charming as this young fan he'd literally run across. Jack helped the guy to his feet. The young man introduced himself as Mark, as he pulled up the backpack he'd been carrying. He excitedly began telling Jack how much he was looking forward to seeing the play. Jack laughed and invited him to come that very night. Mark looked astounded, saying to Jack that he was sure that the show would be sold out on opening night. Jack clasped him on the shoulder and said he would take care of everything. Then,



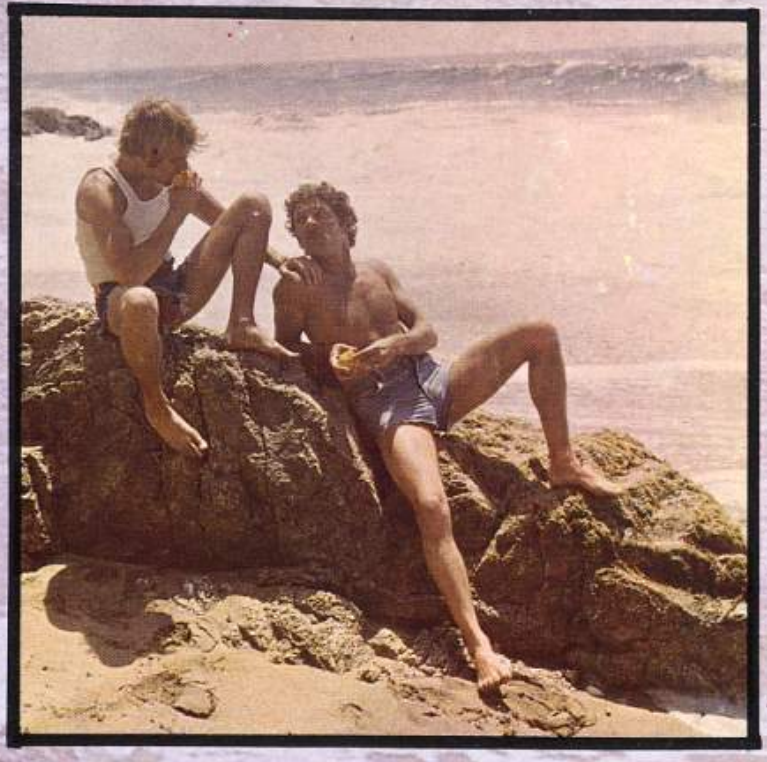
much to Mark's astonishment, Jack invited him to lunch. That was just more than the boy could believe.

Over a light lunch, Mark told Jack that he had been on the way to the local nude beach and asked Jack if he'd had a chance to get down to it since he'd been in San Francisco. Jack quickly assured Mark that he hadn't but would love to go. Mark was just as quick to offer to take him, adding that it

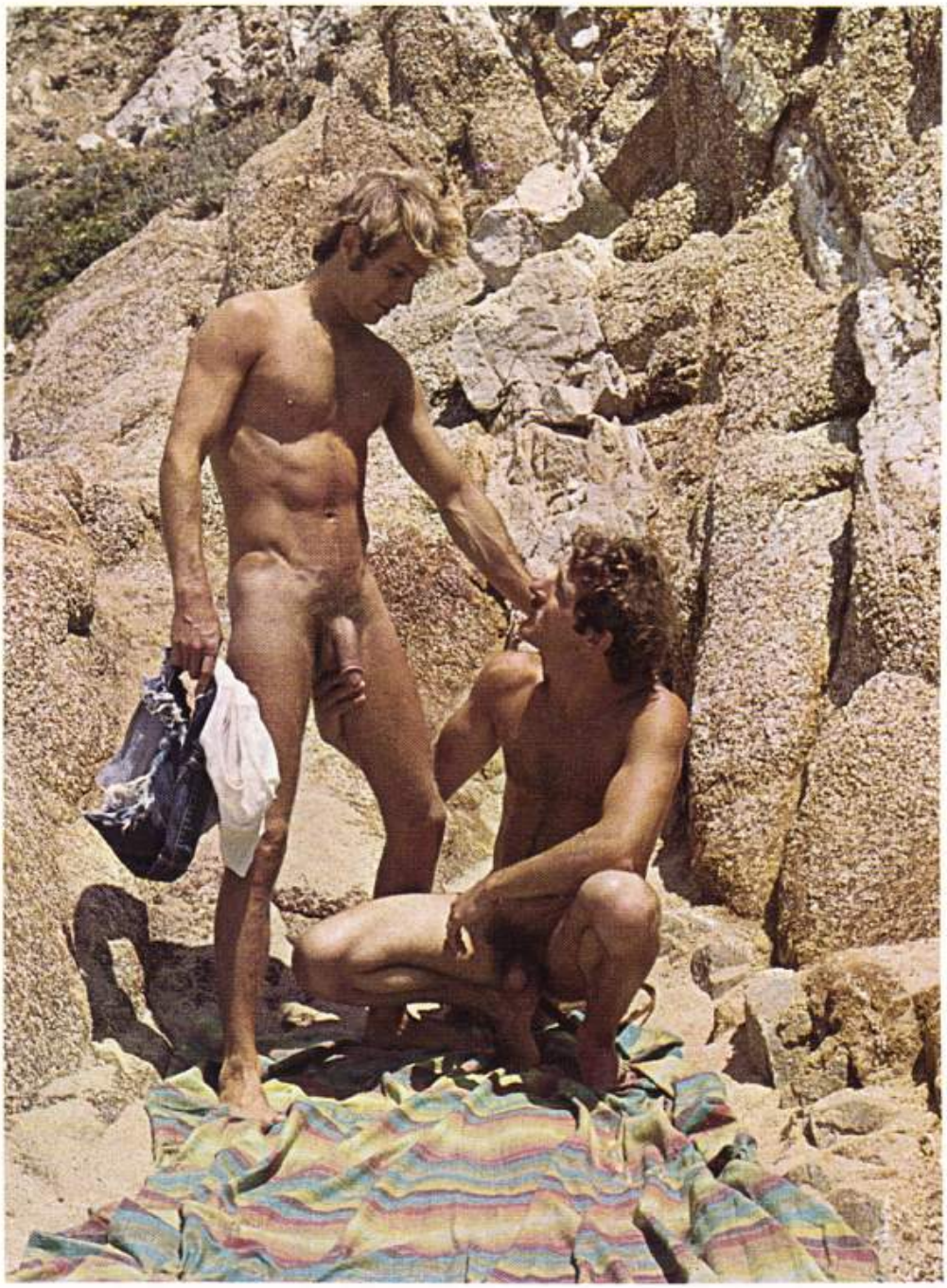
was the least he could do in repayment for the lunch and the tickets to the play. Jack's thigh had been touching Mark's under the table all during lunch. With that statement the young actor increased the pressure of the touch.

"There are a couple of ways that would be better that I can think of . . . but that will have to do for now!"

They had to stop by the hotel for Jack to change. As Jack was pulling off his clothes, he remembered how Mark had stared at the pictures of him stripping. The music was playing on the radio very softly. Jack couldn't



resist. He sensuously began pulling down his pants. He watched Mark closely, he could hear the boy's shallow breathing. Jack finally kicked off the last trace of his clothes. He stood in front of the trembling fan. His male tool was sticking out from his body, throbbing and full of lust. He slowly advanced to Mark, who had so far only sat in the chair without making a move, as if he were frozen to it. He reached out to

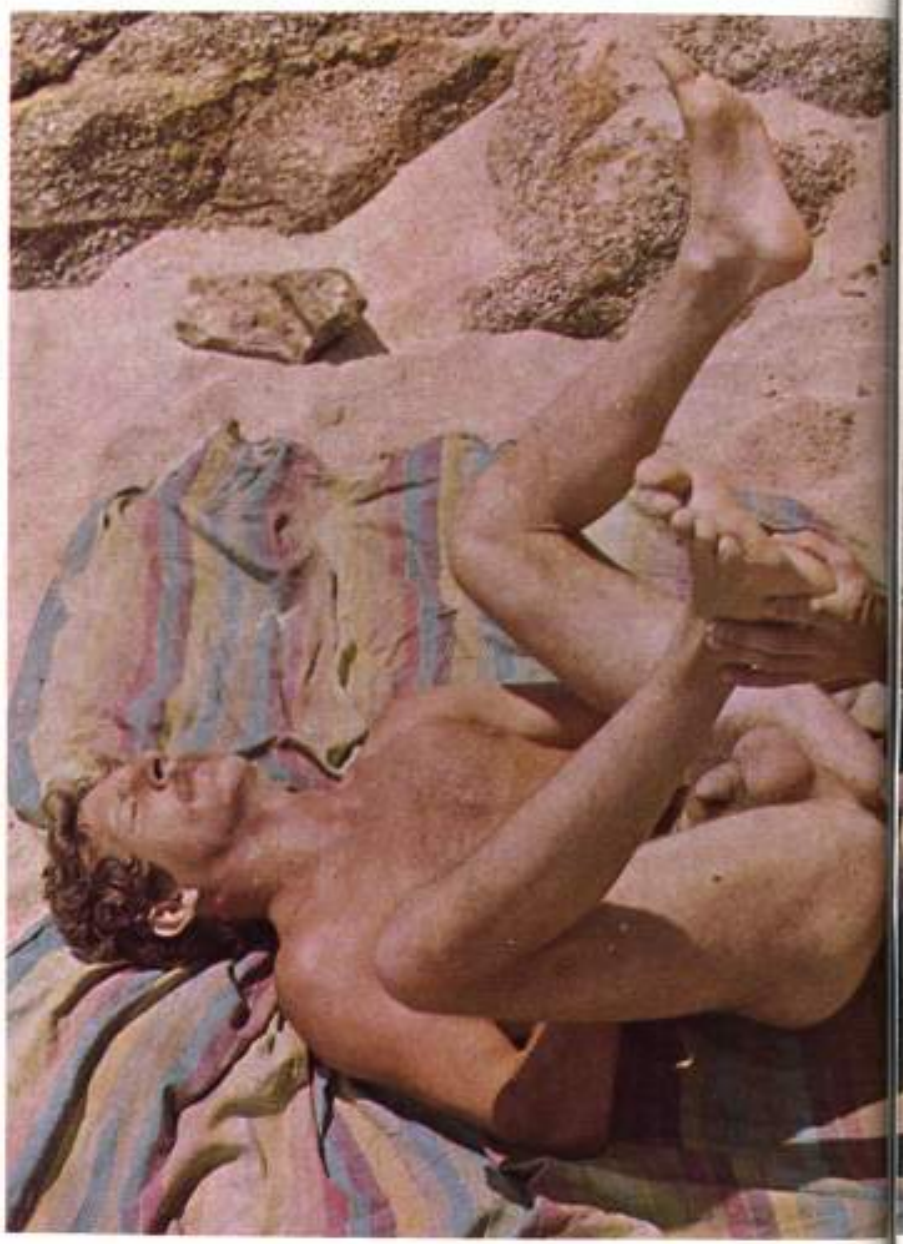


Jack, trying to clutch that object of his lust. Jack brushed his hand away. He commanded Mark to take off his own clothes. Mark jumped up and quickly stripped as fast as he could. Jack commanded him to work on his own ready tool with his fist while he made love to Jack's with his mouth.

The mouth was hot as it surrounded Jack's man meat. The thought of hot, quick sex and the playing that led up to it

caused a quick and shattering climax. Jack slumped against the wall as Mark filled his fist with his own hot, liquid love. Finally, Jack was able to gasp out, "Now . . . where is this beach I've been promised?" Mark laughed a light laugh and dragged Jack out of the hotel room.

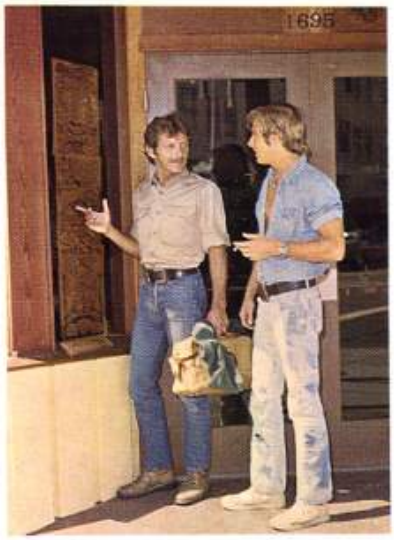
The beach was everything that Jack had been promised and much more. There were fields of beautiful naked bodies, running in the sand and playing in the surf. The two guys were quick to join those others. Finally, Mark pulled Jack aside and whispered in his ear, "I know a very special place just over those



rocks . . . let's go there. . . ." Jack could tell that Mark was very excited again. He wasn't sure if it was from all the other guys on the beach or his own firm, young body but Mark's maleness was again up and ready for some more hot love action. Jack quickly agreed to follow his young, sexy lover, pulling back on his trunks for the climb. They scrambled over a cliff of rough boulders. When they got to the top, Jack looked down an entire field of young nude male bodies making love with wild abandon. His own male lust boiled

up to an immediate stiff, ready for anything. Mark dragged him down to the beach, stripped off his trunks, pulled off his own and fell across him, covering that trembling, ready body with wet hot kisses. Those kisses soon descended on his engorged, enflamed man meat.

Jack was watching the melon buns of Mark rise and fall in rhythm with his mouth action. That set a hot flame of burning lust roaring deep inside Jack. He had to have them! Give them every solid inch of his mouth-wetted male love rod! He quickly flipped Mark on his back and viciously rammed his lust-engorged love rod channel. Mark's screams

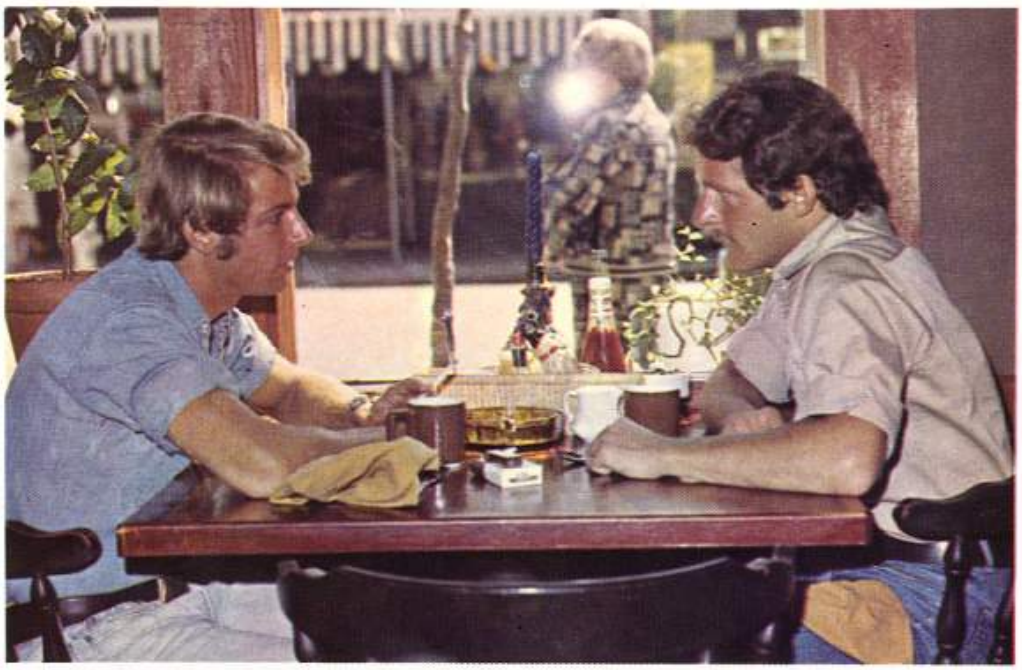


soon turned to begging moans of lust. Jack answered him, scream for scream and moan for moan.

They only had time to quickly clean up by dashing into the ocean before Jack had to go back to the theater. His weekend on the town was finished. The two boys emerged from the waves dripping with the salty water of the ocean and the salty traces of rivers of male love. Their joyous, rippling laughter helped send the sun down on its evening path into the sea.

There was time for a quick dinner. They smiled and enjoyed each other. This time there was no question about seeing each other again. This had been a simple, one-afternoon love, to be enjoyed and remembered by both but not clung to.

As Jack entered the theater, after arranging for the ticket for Mark, he turned to wave. That wave was returned with a wide, happy smile from his partner in sex and brief love. Jack bound into the theater ready now to accept the hand-clapping love of a whole audience. As he did, the words Bob spoke to him rang again in his ear. He smiled to himself. Bob had been the wiser of the two. Jack did want too much love to ever be able to accept it from just one person. It was true, he *had* made it big in San Francisco . . . but he was going to make it even bigger everywhere else!!



MAKING IT BIG IN SAN FRANCISCO